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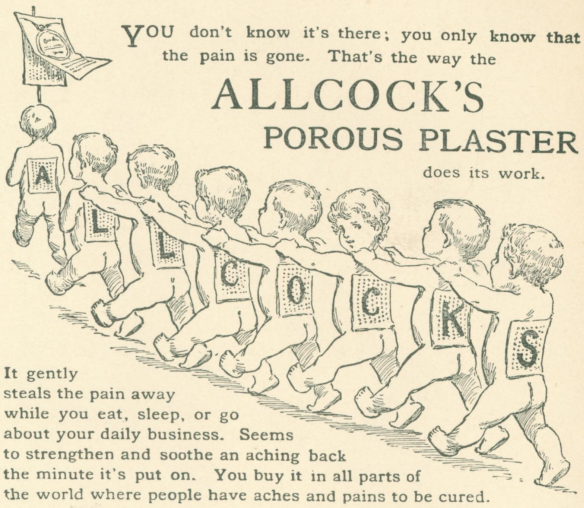

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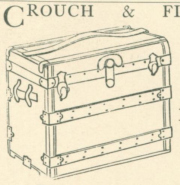

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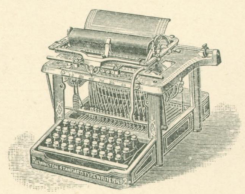

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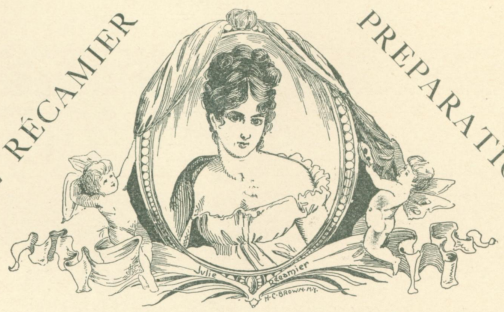

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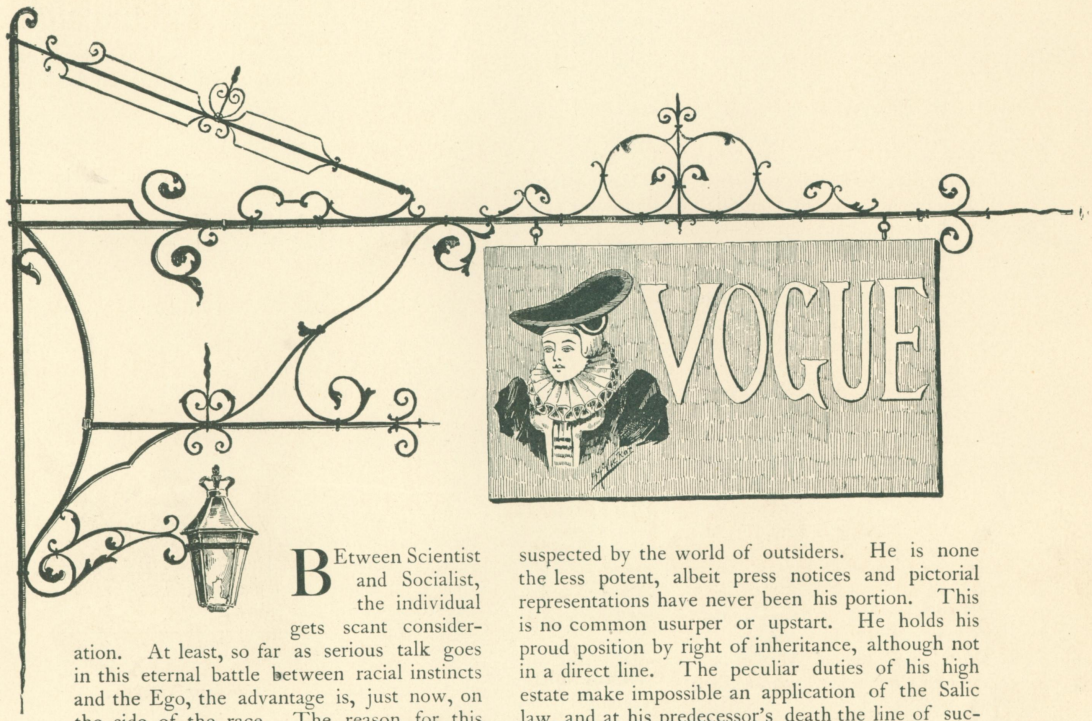
THE INAUGURAL NUMBER PUBLISHED ON JANUARY 1, 1893



BEtween Scientist and Socialist, the individual gets scant consideration. At least, so far as serious talk goes in this eternal battle between racial instincts and the Ego, the advantage is, just now, on the side of the race. The reason for this is not far to seek.

For purposes of millennium making (the business of the Socialist), a human unit cannot be regarded as available. Nothing less than the whole brotherhood of humanity—masculine and feminine—could be worked into social regenerative schemes. The Scientist, likewise addicted to aggregating qualities and to tabulation, can do naught with non-combinable units. A tabulated unit would be scientifically useless. There is, however, a scientific process, deduction, which might be applied with fruitful results to some conspicuous units.

The autocrat, for instance, whether of the Breakfast Table, an empire, or society, is an effect worth study. The social variety always, and the political usually, are autocrats by the consent of their subjects, and as a phase of sociology, the study of an uncrowned social monarch and what he stands for is not without interest.

Some monarchs are very much in evidence, given to interviews and book publication; and others again, there are, who prefer the substance of power to the shadow of overmuch prating about it. Metropolitan society acknowledges the sway of an Autocrat whose existence is not so much as suspected by the world of outsiders. He is none the less potent, albeit press notices and pictorial representations have never been his portion. This is no common usurper or upstart. He holds his proud position by right of inheritance, although not in a direct line. The peculiar duties of his high estate make impossible an application of the Salic law, and at his predecessor's death the line of succession reverted to the nearest male kin, and it is as the son-in-law of his father-in-law that he rules.

Other monarchs environ themselves with spectacular effects—of guards and sumptuously appointed apartments—to impress the populace. Relying solely upon his native forcefulness this Autocrat dares disregard all the millinery of state, and receive the mightiest of social potentates, without apology, in his most humble of humble abiding places. Here may be seen the social elect pleading for a tea day or a dinner night, and although the air resounds with these pathetic appeals for a "time," the Autocrat, nothing disconcerted, apportions the hours of the week and the days of the season with a serene disregard of the individual. His aim is to conserve the interests of society as a whole. It is not for him to consider the heartburnings or disappointment of one or another. The distributions of time and of himself are made with an eye to the success of the season and his decisions have all the binding force of royal decrees.

That society should have strictly defined geographical limits is part of this Autocrat's creed, and a rigid censorship is exercised over the feast biddings committed to his care. He keeps them from

straying beyond the sacred area. Unfashionable localities like unancestored people, are strictly taboo with the Autocrat. He argues, and wisely, that if the three hundreds, west and east, are admitted to the swell avenue's hospitality, how long a time will it be before even higher numerals will force or wheedle an entrance into high places? and where then shall the limit be drawn?

These praiseworthy efforts at keeping his kingdom intact do not always meet with the appreciation they merit. Reflection must convince all that his concern is justifiable, for what with the Order of Daughters set up in opposition to the newer set—with the resultant discord—and the social climbers besetting the walls on all sides and making breaches in them by way of Jersey towns, the supremacy of the Society "Ins" is threatened.

By force of his unique personality the Autocrat has thus far preserved the integrity of his kingdom, but his labors have never won for him public recognition. Society's debt to the distinguished floor walker of arithmetical mind has been many times acknowledged and upon him and his, have been heaped many honors. But our Autocrat, his peer as a social factor, was ever he or his work celebrated in story, or song, or dinner?

A toast now, to Our Autocrat!

AN ARTISTIC TERM

"What is a high light, dear?" asked Mrs. McCorkle of her husband.

"Gas," replied McCorkle, who had paid the month's bill that very morning.

CONFIDENCES

"Henderson proposed to me last night," said Madge to Ethel.

"Really? Why, I am so glad I was out," said Ethel.

"What had that to do with it?" said Madge.

"He called on me first," said Ethel.

A HOPE

"Have you read Julie Hawkins's novel?"

"Yes, I hope it will be translated some day.'

"Into French?"

"Oh no, English."

A HUMAN ICEBERG

"Miss Hawkins is an awfully cold woman.

"She is indeed. Why she's so cold that wherever she goes on rainy days it snows."

GETTING OUT OF IT

CUSTOMER: "Look ahere, didn't you tell me these pants were the latest thing out? I walked up Fifth Avenue the other day, and everyone laughed at me."

ABRAHAMS: "Vell, I say dey vas de latest t'ings in pants—dey don't vear pants on de Avenas."

SAVING HER LIFE

BRIGGS: "Who was dining with you in the restaurant last night?"

GRIGGS: "My landlady. She was almost starving, and I thought I would give her a full meal."

SYMPATHY FOR JIGLETS

"Poor Dr. Jiglets! He misses his last wife dreadfully. He seems perfectly lost without her."

"Give him time. He'll be found again."

A GREAT LOSS

"It is just too awfully bad there isn't any opera this year," moaned Mrs. Dashabout. "There isn't a place where one can really enjoy a social chat with one's friends, now."

BREAKING IT TO HIM GENTLY

"Is Miss Caboots in?" inquired the caller.

"Thot dipinds on you. Are yez Misther Jones?" said Bridget.

"Yes."

"She's gon' out."

THE PITY OF IT

"Mr. De Garmo has a great deal of manner, I think."

"Yes, but it is a pity he doesn't divide it up into manners."

A VALUABLE ASSISTANT

"Chollie Van Antwerp has a private secretary. Writes all Chollie's letters."

"What nonsense! Chollie's correspondence isn't large."

"No—but the secretary knows how to spell."

SHE: "Are you man enough to marry me in spite of all the mean things they say about marriage?"

HE: "Yes; but you're too manly to marry me."

NO ANSWER REQUIRED

"Have you replied to Harry's note asking you to marry him yet, Gladys?"
"No, Laura, of course not. Harry didn't put R. S. V. P. on his note."

THE CORSAGE

BOdices this season show infinite variety both in cut and style and are adaptable to all kinds or beauty (and the lack of it). There is a decided tendency toward the picturesque fashions of the Restoration and the newest gowns are made to accord with the fashions of that time, with the various modifications which good taste suggests. The bodices of ball gowns are cut very low, as a rule, while those for dinners and receptions are frequently high to the throat. A promenade costume in the trousseau of a prospective bride has a round waist of brown cloth to match the skirt. It is fastened near the waist line with one button, and opens wide to the shoulders over an inner veston of pale café-au-lait cloth. A full cape of the lighter cloth cut en fichu follows the line of the waist and falls gracefully over the shoulders. It is straight behind and reaches to the middle of the bodice. The brown silk lining to the cape is edged with brown fur two inches wide. The sleeves of brown cloth are cut en gigot. A wide straight collar of the lighter cloth finishes the veston.

A pretty bodice for out-of-door wear is of olive green cloth. The skirt comes up over the bodice at the waist line, and is finished by a wide crinkled belt of olive green velvet. A little Figaro shaped jacket of the velvet is gathered together at the breast, and curves away to the back, showing the waist underneath. It has sleeves of bell shape, gathered at the shoulders and falling to the elbow over the tight cloth sleeves which continue to the wrist. The jacket and sleeves are bordered with a band of marten fur, and there is a little collar of the fur finished with tails, to wear around the throat. A lovely reception gown is a combination of lace, fur, velvet and silk. The corsage of pale gray bengaline is folded over and fastened at the side. There is a plastron finished with a collar of black velvet, and the folded waist has a fichu cape of black velvet narrowing to the waist line and falling in full gathers over the shoulders. Over this velvet fichu is a flounce of white guipure lace which almost covers the velvet. The very full sleeves are of black velvet. They narrow down to the wrist, where they end in a deep lace cuff placed over the velvet and edged with a band of narrow black fur. The bottom of the bodice and the collar are both finished with fur.

A novel evening dress has a folded bodice of white crêpe de chine, over which is worn an Eton jacket of black velvet open in front with wide revers overlapping the full sleeves of white crêpe de chine. Sometimes these jackets are low in the neck and are worn with ball gowns to which they give a charming effect. In ball gowns the Empire or short bébé corsage is a great favorite. It is sometimes cut very low in the neck, sometimes it is cut heart shaped and sometimes round. These bodices are belted in and are gathered at the neck under one or two frills of lace. Short Directoire jackets of velvet, cut low, with wide revers, are often worn with these bodices. Long pointed corsages are seldom seen now. The new gowns are made either in Empire style or with round bodices, or those which follow the curves of the figure a little below the waist line. Sometimes for evening dress when a long waisted bodice is worn, a full straight plaiting of some diaphanous material falls from the top of the bodice both back and front to the end of the skirt, thus simulating the short Empire effect which is so becoming to many women.

For deep mourning the newest bodices have a yoke of crêpe placed over the material, and long cuffs of crêpe reaching to the elbow to join the full puffed sleeve of the dress fabric. The corsage disappears under the skirt band, and there is a wide girdle made of folds of crêpe, fastened at the back

with broad loops of the same material, lying upward upon the bodice, so as to give the short-waisted effect so much sought after this season. Dancing toilettes for young girls are generally of some transparent material, made with a simple round corsage cut low in the neck, with a frilled bertha of lace, widening and falling deep over the thin puffed sleeves, which join the long glove. A simple sash ribbon fastened at the back, and falling in long loops over the skirt finishes this pretty bodice.

Fur is frequently used to finish the edges of a Figaro vest, or the revers of a bodice. It is sold in narrow bands, and while sable is the most beautiful there are other furs which are quite as much used. Otter, beaver, blue-fox and mink are all desirable, and the best modistes make much use of them for trimmings.

Sleeves show puffs, slashings, caps and fanciful designs of all periods. The sleeve of 1830 is a long drooping puff, full at the shoulder and sloping downward. It is almost one yard in length, and droops at the elbow, where it is met by a long cuff fitting snugly to the arm, and frequently of a different material from that used for the puff. Bodices for cloth street gowns, which are to be worn under jackets, generally have sleeves of silk rather than of velvet or cloth, and the fullness is somewhat modified. A pretty gown just made for a young married woman is of heliotrope camel's-hair. The bodice is of heliotrope silk made full, over a round yoke of velvet of the same color, and the sleeves are also of silk with a full puff, ending in a cuff of heliotrope velvet. The yoke and cuffs are closely embroidered with gold cord in what is known as vermicelli pattern. The prettiest part of this bodice is that it disappears under the princess skirt, which is continued like a girdle several inches above the waist line. The upper line of the princess is designated by a band of heliotrope velvet, finished with a bow in front. The silk bodice is fastened under the left arm. The princess is hooked together at the back—of course over the bodice. Empire tailor made gowns are being introduced, but they have not superseded those in vogue during the past few years. The bodices are shorter in the waist, and the seams are outlined with narrow passementerie or pipings, and occasionally there are very wide revers reaching well over the shoulders; but as a rule, the old trim forms are adhered to, and the "tailor made girl" is still a delight to the eye.

Figaro jackets appear in passementerie, in black lace and in velvet, and frequently they are outlined upon the corsage with passementerie or embroidery. These jackets are adjustable, and therefore may be worn with more than one gown. Buckles are seen very frequently upon the newest bodices. They are used upon the girdles in front, and to fasten the loops upon bows of velvet and silk, and if there are straps used to confine the puffs of the sleeves they are always fastened with some pretty ornamental buckle.

These buckles are made of steel, jet, rhine pebbles, gilt and even leather, and are in every conceivable design and size. They add greatly to the effect of any gown, and seem destined to remain in fashion for some time.

A LITERARY GLIMPSE AT VANITY FAIR*

"IT beareth the name of Vanity Fair because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold or that cometh hither is vanity." So John Bunyan took his text to set forth the shows of things that vexed the souls of pilgrims five thousand years ago. And so the novelist now takes his text to construct a literary Vanity Fair; and in his vision he sees that to the town of Vanity—where Society dwells—come Beelzebub and Apollyon and their artful companions to set up a glittering array of baubles to tempt the unwary, and that here flourish all kinds of slander and deception and swindling, French, Spanish, German, British and American.

To cavil at the novel writer for describing what he sees would be unjust. The Vanitarian feels indeed that it is not his own métier to be more moral than the rest of the world; but he does feel that he may be as courteous and as appreciative of the beautiful as one who is always busy with bread and butter necessities. The Vanitarian does not ask impossibilities. He does not urge any novelist to disable himself by a course of metaphysical gymnastics, nor to paralyze his mentality by trying to evolve recondite meanings from terrapin stews, nor to puzzle out the leading motive of a whirligig figure in the german, but he would really like to ask the scorner not to be always stirring up the snakes in the grass. Let the flowers sometimes bloom peacefully and let the world enjoy the color and fragrance thereof.

Vernon Lee's new novel, "Vanitas," is an example of literary unfairness to Society, more striking because more subtle than any of Ouida's descriptive oddities, and more depressing because more energetic than Mrs. Clifford's late story of a worldly woman. If there was a faint suspicion of "Jockey Club" about Mrs. Clifford's weak-minded but rather well-bred heroine, Vernon Lee's book, with its three heroines and all-over-the-world atmosphere, is genuine triple extract of Jockey Club, with a cosmopolitan label. Offered though it is in a filagree gold case of charming words and dainty phrases, the perfume is unmistakable. A certain resemblance exists between these four heroines. All, though so extraordinarily clever, are unable to dignify their surroundings or utilize the helping hands in their own set. All try to escape from themselves in characteristic ways. The writer of love letters, it may be remembered, adored for years an unmanly shadow, and finally after burying the ebony clock he sent her as a wedding gift, decides pensively that she shall hear it ticking under the ground through all eternity.

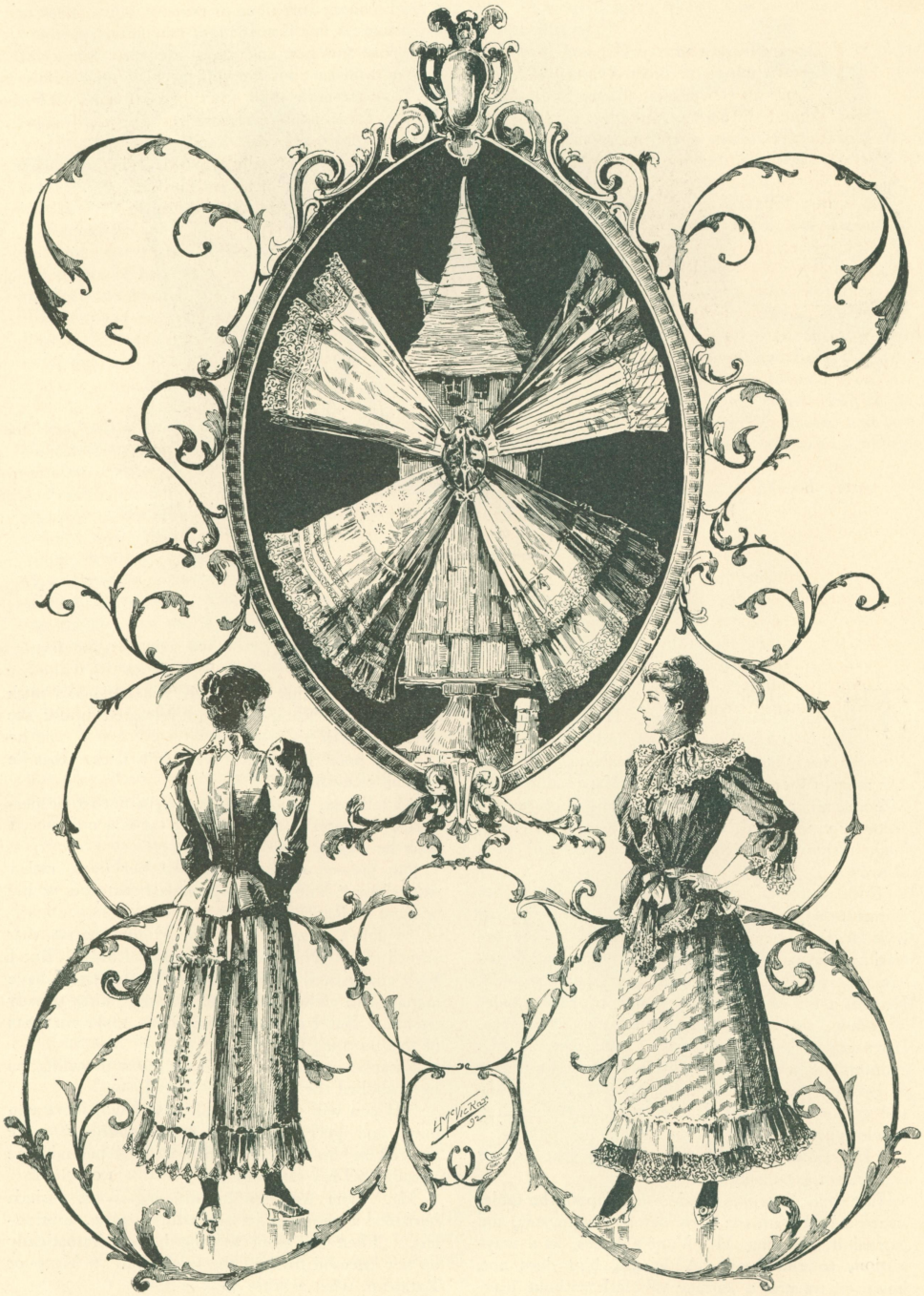
Of Vernon Lee's three worldly women, Miss Flodden, ambitious of pure living, marries her bête noir; Lady Tal induces her literary partner to propose to her and then—accepts him; Madame Krasinska finds her soul by becoming mildly insane and preserves it by entering a convent. The heroes of these polite tales are respectively a novelist, an artist in pottery and a painter, none of them over-æsthetic or specially athletic; which seems to indicate a new departure in heroes.

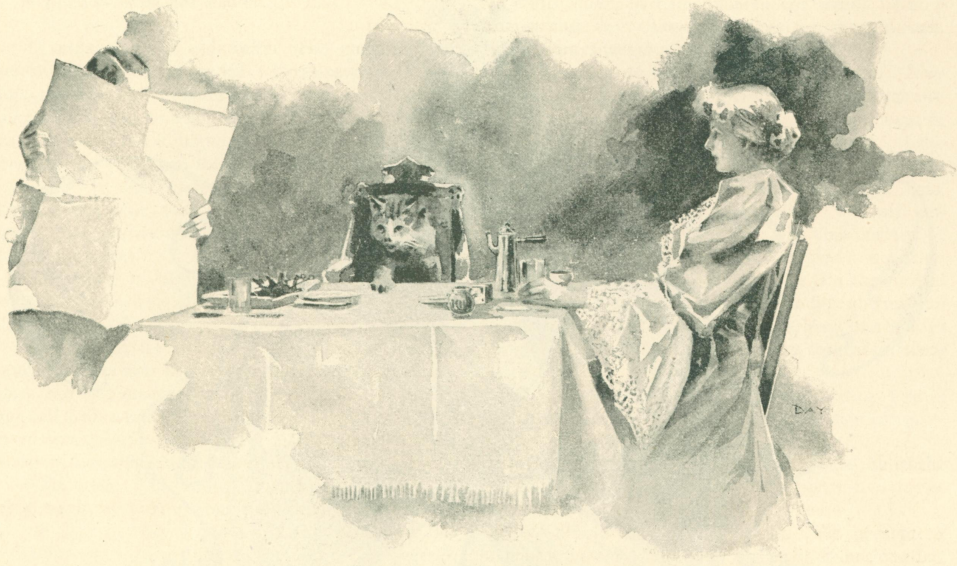
The best feature of "Vanitas" is the author's remakable power of psychological analysis. The worst, a laissez aller cynicism. One heroine, for instance, gravely explains to an "outsider" why it is quite possible and justifiable for a woman of her set to come to allow a man not her husband to pay her dressmaker's bills—with all that that implies; another, a very great lady indeed, talks about having a "go" at a book, and "getting back to the rest of our rabble"; and surprises a novelist with "One makes pots of money in your business doesn't one?" And smokes her cigarettes en plein air. Others permit suggestive songs in the drawing room and indecent, even blasphemous, jokes at the dinner table. The Vanitarian would like to give to such society reporting the answer given by a lady of the court of George III to a jealous rival who called her an ugly name: "Your language is very figurative, Madame."

A girl with a heart like a photograph frame is a type of heroine far removed from the white-muslin girl of our grandmothers. Yet Miss Wynman, in "My Flirtations," is so bright, so natural, so refined that we become interested in watching her as she tries one picture after another, before she finds the one for whom she is willing to wear a wedding gown. It is a relief, too, to know that a business man can be a very comfortable sort of a hero. Twelve of the thirteen men are types recognizable everywhere, especially Gilbert Mandell, with his slightly bald forehead and well-manicured hands, who knows the shibboleth of Superior People, and has two secret ambitions: to dine with a duchess, and to write an article for the Contemporary Review.

The unrecognizable type is Elisha Van Schuyler, described as a scion of an old New York family, but in reality a nondescript offshoot of civilization, who seems to have gone to London to astonish America. He knows an artist who "does the society act, and paints the four hundred," and who was "just as much fun as a goat. He just got as thin as a rail and as bald as a coot trying to work the society racket." His final touch of elegance is to beg Miss Wynman "to be sure to cross the herring-pond." He is a diverting proof that there are still English writers who imagine that the expressions of backwoodsmen are current in New York drawing rooms.

* Vanitas. Polite Stories. By Vernon Lee.
My Flirtations. By Margaret Wynman.





"THEY WERE AT BREAKFAST"

THE INCIDENT OF RATAPLAN

A FARCE WHICH CONCERNS HER, HIM AND ANOTHER

THe proverbially inconvenient third was, however, Rataplan, the cat. He was worshipped by Mrs. Jack Vane and—with a considerable discount—also by her husband. Perhaps it is more exact to say that Mr. Vane adored his wife and for her sake tolerated the pampered and unlovely cat, named Rataplan because of his long, loud, rather stertorous purr—like the roll of a drum.

They were at breakfast. Mrs. Vane was delicious in a gown of peach-flower surah, rippling with laces. Mr. Vane was in partial eclipse behind a newspaper. Rataplan sat erect and decorous in his high chair, with his paw upon the table. He was a Persian cat, fantastically striped in shades of yellow, very corpulent, with distended cheeks. His round eyes had the color of pale sherry. His countenance was babylike, with intermittent gleams of viciousness. He had eaten his saucer of cereals and cream and was not interested in the leading article which Mr. Vane read aloud.

"If Columbus could have known that in four centuries a great nation—"

Just then Rataplan made a leap upon the table, seized a bird from the dish before his master, and carried it, utilizing Mr. Vane's knees, as a way-station, to the floor. A broiled bird does not, however, traverse a surface of cloth without leaving unctuous traces of itself.

"Confound that cat!" Mr. Vane flapped with his napkin at Rataplan, who retreated under the sideboard with his booty.

"Oh poor Rataplan! we didn't notice that he wanted something!"

"I tell you, Linda, that he ought not to be permitted to come to table. That cat is a nuisance, I wish he was in Siberia!"

She pressed a handkerchief to her eyes, rather ostensibly, "You—you—promised that you would be fond of Rataplan!"

"I didn't vow to love, honor and cherish that absurd cat. Only yourself, my dear Linda. But I have endeavored to like him. Up to date I have managed to endure him, a scratching, biting, greedy animal. But I draw the line at his table manners of this morning!"

Rataplan, under the sideboard, was growling, as he crunched the bones of the fowl.

"If you will excuse me, Linda, I will leave you now, and get into some other clothes." He glanced at his watch. "I'm a little behind time already. That cat must go!"

Mr. Vane went to his dressing-room. Linda remained a moment in resentful surprise, motionless. Then she went to fling herself dramatically on her knees in front of the sideboard. "My poor Rataplan, what a brute Jack is!"

She would have clasped the cat in her arms, to

console him, misunderstood, maligned. But he had thoroughly anointed himself in devouring the bird; and she—even in that poignant moment—was restrained by the fear of ruining the rosy, silken dream of a gown, "Poor Rataplan!" she repeated.

Then she rose to her feet, and hastened to her "own dear little den," where she indulged in flattering misery as a martyred wife, a modern edition de luxe of Patient Griselda.

Reclothed and in his right mind—that is to say without rancor against the cat; who, after all, had not meant to harm the trousers, only to help himself to more breakfast—Mr. Vane hurried to his office. The misadventure had lost him a quarter of an hour. In his haste, he omitted to look for his wife, to make their usual affectionate good-by.

* * * * * * * *

An hour later, a correct brougham with a pair of disdainful-stepping grays, driven by an elderly coachman who resembled the benevolent uncle in a French comedy—drove into Broad Street and stopped at the office of Mr. Samuel W. Sands, banker and broker. From the carriage issued a young woman, dressed all in black, with here and there discreet glimmers of jet—the very costume of modish tragedy. The skirt, demi-train, sweeping sharply, like the wing of a swallow, defined her form, very slender and lithe. Having entered the door, with an agitated step she went straight past the admiring personnel of the banking-house, to the private office where Mr. Sands held certain councils that affected the financial barometer of the nation. At the moment he was there alone. His fine gray head was bent over the morning's correspondence.

The young woman entered without knocking, and threw herself on the neck of the banker.

"Papa dear, I've left Jack and you must take me home to keep house for you!"

"Heaven forbid!" (The pious ejaculation may have concerned his daughter's proposed separation from her husband, or her assumption of the cares of the paternal household.) "What new caprice is this, Linda?"

For during the intermediate years between Linda's graduation at boarding-school and her marriage day—those years were few—Mr. Sands had often found her unaccountable. "If her mother could have lived," he would sigh within himself.

"It is not at all a caprice," asserted Linda, with dignity. "My self-respect requires me to leave him, and to ask you to obtain for me a formal separation from him. He is just simply too hateful!"

"Let us judge. What has he done? Has he been flirting?"

"Oh no. He is so absurdly devoted in public that he doesn't even leave me time to—talk with my old friends."

"Did he strike you, then?"

"What an idea! He couldn't! Jack is a perfect gentleman, always—at least—that is—except this morning."

"He threatened you, perhaps?"

"No—not precisely. That is, not me but Rataplan, dear little Rataplan."

"The cat?"

"Don't call him just a cat, papa. To me, Rataplan is a person, like anybody else."

"Then as I gather, Vane has been guilty of unparliamentary language to Monsieur Rataplan, whose eminent personality I am happy to recognize."

"You can laugh, of course, papa. But for me, it is all very serious. I've left Jack—do you hear? I've left Jack!" Her voice ran up into a little shriek.

"How long since?"

"About a half hour ago. After he went down to the office."

"MY SELF-RESPECT REQUIRES ME TO LEAVE HIM"

"Then he does not know it?"

"Not yet."

"Listen to your old father who counsels you never to let him know it! You are young; you imagine time to be endless, secure from misfortune. Disputes appear to you piquant little thorns upon a rose that otherwise might be too sweet. Linda, it was twenty years ago that your mother and I had a quarrel. It was about a trifle; it lasted only an hour. But that was an hour lost from the few years that we were together. I never could find that hour again."

"But this is quite different papa. It is not a quarrel. It is only that I have discovered Jack as he really is—ill-tempered and cruel."

"What did he do?" repeated the father. In truth he was not anxious to hear, for he was sure that the grievance was of the slightest. But he needed a moment's time to replace a sad memory in a remote pigeon-hole of his mind, behind a great heap of financial cares.

"He said, 'Confound that cat!' I didn't mind that so much—of course it was dreadfully profane—but I hope that I can make allowance for his frightful state of excitement. But he also said, 'That cat must go.' And he meant it. To call darling Rataplan: That Cat! It was much worse than swearing."

"Aggravated treason, indeed! He ought to be fined for contempt of cat! Now let us hear both sides. What had M. Rataplan done to suggest—mind, I do not say to merit—such treatment?"

"Nothing at all. He had helped himself to a bird from the table, at breakfast. Dear, sweet little fellow! He sat there in his high chair, so good! And we—it was our fault—paid no attention to him. Jack was reading about Columbus. And it wasn't the least consequence about Columbus, because that was four hundred years ago, and we couldn't do anything about it now if we wanted to. But poor Rataplan had eaten his oatmeal and lapped the very last drop of cream. His saucer was perfectly empty—and there we were, talking about Christopher Columbus!"

"Console yourself, my child. There won't be another Columbus Centennial in your day."

"Then poor Rataplan leaped on the table—you know how gracefully he springs—and caught the bird in his dear little mouth, and—wasn't it sweet of him when Jack was going to be so horrid about him?—he jumped down on Jack's knee, and then to the floor. And Jack was furious with Rataplan, only because the broiled bird left some marks on his trousers!"

"He ought to have blamed the fowl! But I admit that my condolences are for the trousers. Jack always wears admirable clothes."

"Papa, you do not try to understand me. You never did. It isn't altogether for Rataplan's sake—but, you see, I cannot possibly live with a man of Jack's violent temper. Why, it isn't safe! Some day he might say, Confound Linda. That woman must go. Take me home with you, papa dear. I'll manage your house beautifully. We will dismiss Mrs. Lamb—you don't want that antiquated housekeeper when you can have Me! I will do the marketing myself—I know what you like. And I won't be much expense to you for gowns and bonnets and jewels. Or if I am, you can always take flyers, you know. Dear papa, let me go home with you."

"Of course there is always a place for you in my house, Linda," said Mr. Sands, temporizing."

"And for Rataplan?"

"Well, yes—at any rate, there would be in the cellar and the area."

"Papa!"

"We will discuss that later. At present, I advise you to go to your house as if nothing had happened. You will merely have been shopping. In case you have not your purse with you, here are a hundred dollars. You can, with that sum, buy enough gloves and handkerchiefs to justify your excursion in the eyes of your maid. You would do well to go to your milliner and let her stick a red or yellow flower in your hat. It looks like a catastrophe in black lace and beads. Every woman who sees you will know that something is gone wrong. Dress is a telegraphic alphabet that they all understand. Do not let the others read your ticker, my Linda! Now go, make your little purchases, and be tranquil. Above all, do not chatter to your maid. I will come to take you—"

"WHEN WE ARE DIVORCED"

"And Rataplan?"

"And Rataplan. At five-thirty. Vane does not come home before six. We shall be in time. Meanwhile, amuse yourself in some way. For instance, you might write Jack a letter of farewell. Make it tragic as you please—and then, if you are a sensible girl, you'll burn it. Dead letters tell no tales. Ashes are impressive and compromise nobody, even if they are left lying about loose. Or better still, pick up your belongings for removal. That will occupy you all day, and be safer than scribbling. That's all, is it? Well, good-by, my dear." Mr. Sands received his daughter's kiss, and then turned again to his correspondence.

Linda went away. She wondered at herself—the heroine of a domestic drama—for the interest with which she began to plan her little expenditures. Still, there is not a little fun to be extracted from even a hundred dollars, if one limits herself strictly to trifles. Among other things, she would buy a new collar for Rataplan.

When Mrs. Vane arrived at her house, Céline a real pearl of a Frenchwoman—who had heard everything from the footmen, displayed a manner exaggeratedly usual, as she carried the armful of little parcels upstairs.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, ten minutes after Linda left her father's office, there was a tap at his door. "Come in!"

Enter Jack Vane.

"It fairly rains relatives this morning," observed Mr. Sands within himself.

"I ran in for a minute, sir, to talk with you—"

"Of course. Don't be disturbed, Jack. It will all come out right, I hope."

"Right, sir! More than right, I should say! Why, sugar preferred is just jumping up from point to point, and my only question is how soon to sell."

"Oh, sugar preferred!"

"There's nothing else thought about, to-day, sir."

Here was a cheerful and oblivious culprit! Absolutely, he had not an idea beyond sugar quotations! Mr. Sands looked duly serious.

"I supposed that you were come to talk about your quarrel with Linda. I do not conceal from you that she has been here already."

"But I have no quarrel with Linda. What does this mean?"

"Does the name of Rataplan enlighten you, perhaps?"

"That ridiculous cat to which she offers so much incense! Yes, I admit that when she calls him her precious angel and kisses his puffy cheeks and his treacherous claws—he scratched her pretty upper lip yesterday, by way of appreciation—I am considerably disgusted with the pampered fraud. Certainly, I'm jealous of her devotion to the cat—

"FOR HE BEHELD HIS SAUCER"

and yet, I too, have my innings, I may say. By the way, did she tell you that the beast spoiled my trousers this morning by dragging a broiled bird over my knees?"

"She said something of the sort. But she colored the fact with the iris tints of affection—for the cat. I must warn you, indeed, that Linda came to insist on a separation from you and an immediate return to my house."

"Good heavens, sir! I had no idea that she had taken serious offense. Of course, she did not like to hear me blame Rataplan. But my language about the spoiled trousers was very moderate—compared to the tailor's charge for them!"

"I advised her to return to your house, not talk about the difficulty, but await my coming for her at five-thirty. Luckily, it occurred to me to give her a few dollars for ribbons and things. Probably she is in some shop now, feeling much better. Chiffons are a famous sedative for feminine nerves!"

"But I am distressed beyond measure. What can I do?"

"Isn't there perhaps some delicate attention that you can pay—"

"To her! I should say! A new bracelet—"

"No, no. Not to her. To that hideous, ill-tempered, chuckle-headed, yellow Egyptian idol of a rival of yours."

Vane meditated for a moment.

"Rataplan, I am told, is always served with sponge-cake and cream at five o'clock. I shall have the honor to hand it to Monsieur."

"An inspiration! Only be punctual, for, as I said, I shall come to free my daughter from domestic tyranny at five-thirty sharp."

They shook hands.

"Don't sell under 112¼, Jack. Good luck to you all along the line, my son."

* * * * * * *

In that little den of hers—all pale green hangings embroidered with falling pink roses, furnished in rococo gold-and-white—Linda Vane began to feel the reaction of the drama of the morning. She had told Céline that she would receive no visits, she wished to be undisturbed, for she was tired with the early shopping. Left alone, she had begun to collect her possessions, in order to take them to her father's house. But her fantastic pride forbade her to carry away any gifts of that cruel husband of hers—and his gifts were quite too many and too beautiful to be easily left behind. Gradually the situation appeared to her in its seriousness, first as the renunciation of the costly signs, and then of the inestimable substance, of her husband's affection.

"When we are divorced," she sobbed, "Jack will marry again. That other woman would have my diamond rivière and all the other things—and Jack, my Jack, too!"

Dismayed, she sat looking absently through the open door into the next room. Rataplan was there, on a silk cushion at one end of a sofa. She called him to her. He lifted his head, saw that she had nothing to offer him, therefore he curled himself into a ring and went to sleep. She could hear his odd little wheezy snores.

The clock struck five. That was the hour when she usually made tea, amid half a dozen women, her intimates. It was also the time for Rataplan to have his cream and cake. It appeared to Linda quite frightful, her apathy about five o'clock tea.

The door of the other room creaked very slightly. How tiresome of Céline, when she had been told that her mistress wished not to be disturbed. Rataplan awoke, aroused, stretched himself, uttered an epicurean mi'aou. For he beheld his saucer, full of his favorite dainty, handed to him by the obsequious Mr. Vane, who knelt before the sofa.

Linda, with a flying swirl of the long black gown—assumed as the appropriate decoration of her proud and tragic mood of the morning—ran toward her husband, and suddenly bending, encircled his neck with her arms. The cream was spilled on the carpet. Rataplan not to be a loser, jumped down and began to lap it greedily.

"OH! JACK! YOU DON'T HATE US"

"Oh Jack! You don't hate us!"

"I love you, and I offer an amnesty to Rataplan."

He seated her upon the sofa and placed himself beside her. She was sobbing. "The time has seemed so long since we separated!"

"Since you separated, you mean, Linda. I didn't separate a little bit."

Just then Rataplan, having finished the cream, sprang up, reposing his sphinx-like form on Jack's knees, while his fore-paws lay upon Linda's gown.

"You can't go away from me, you see, my dear girl. 'Blest be the tie that binds'—even if it is Rataplan!"

The door opened. Mr. Sands entered the room.

His countenance had assumed an expression of père noble, which he hoped would suit his daughter's idea of the requirements of the situation. The tableau that he saw was not wholly surprising to him.

Linda blushed with confusion. Papa would certainly think her capricious, this time! Jack arose quickly to his feet. Rataplan deprived of support, fell to the floor, clutching with his hooked claws in Linda's skirt.

"Now this is good of you, sir! You have in-

vited yourself to dine with us this evening, I hope." Jack's pleasure was unmistakable.

Also Linda ran toward her father. "Dear papa, I am so glad to see you—Oh! look at my gown. All torn and spoiled by those horrid creamy paws! What a nuisance Rataplan is! Really, Jack, That Cat must go!" E. Cavazza.

AS SEEN BY HIM

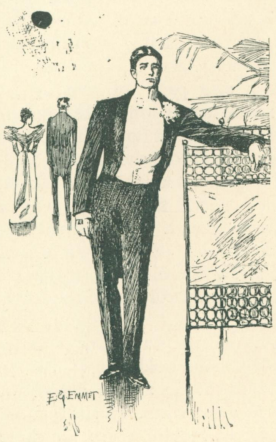
ALthough I dislike to admit it—even if I may be unjustly called an Anglomaniac by some envious ignorant people, I at least show my love for my country by always cheering the Stars and Stripes and voting at every election—I must confess that we Americans are a trifle behind the times even in this very modern cosmopolitan city of New York. This is especially true as to many of the refinements of civilized life, which for over a century have existed in London and in Paris, and other cities on the Continent. My old friend Pendennis, for example, whom I consider the type of the modern young man, lived most delightfully in a quaint set of chambers fifty years ago in the classic seclusion of Lincoln Inn Fields.

While with us it is only since the swarm of shopkeepers descended on Fifth Avenue, that our young men have begun to realize that this way of living is indeed the solution of a vexed problem that has puzzled the New York bachelor ever since our city put off her pinafores.

There was the old University building on Washington Square, that mediæval gray stone structure, whose long dark corridors and turrets and nooks were honeycombed with the dens of poets, artists, men of letters and a few men of the world. But this was a colony to itself. To-day the bachelor has emerged from cheerless hotel rooms and the seclusion of boarding houses on side streets and gone almost to a man into chambers. Every man, of course, wants a den to himself, and the result has been that to-day New York can show as effectively and as artistically arranged bachelors' homes as any city more favored by time.

I have in mind a charming little den that a young friend of mine, who has distinguished himself alike in letters and athletics, has set up in Washington Square. He is devoted to coaching, and the walls of this sanctum are hung with old colored prints, picked up in quaint book shops in St. Martin's Lane, depicting incidents and accidents of the road in the days when steam travel was unknown, and the merry sound of the horn was heard through the hedge roads of old England. Should you stroll into this old-fashioned little room in the gloaming of an autumn evening, and partake, with your genial host, of a glass of wine, mellow with almost a century passed in a cobwebbed bottle, as you glance around you at the dark-toned walls, the library of dull colored books, the mahogany and the oak of the furnishings, it would not require much of a stretch of the imagination to find yourself in top boots, a long coat with deep skirts and great buttons, a stock wound round your neck, waiting to hear the rumble of the wheels and the clarion of the guard coming to take you to London town.

Far to the east of Washington Square, in a less picturesque section of the town, a very brilliant young lawyer has quite a unique set of chambers. He utilized the second floor of a common-place red brick dwelling, such as one finds in rows by the dozen in that part of the city. The rear is used as bed-room and dressing-room, but in the front he has set up for himself his own particular den, which is the envy and admiration of his friends. It is a light airy room, rather long and narrow, furnishing little possibilities for artistic decoration. He built up against the walls from floor to ceiling shelves for his many books. These extended all around the room, as in a library. A small desk is the only piece of solid furniture in this room. The floors are highly polished and covered with handsome rugs, but the most original feature of the place is a long divan flush with the floor, extending all around the room, by the side of the book shelves. At one end there is a great fire-place, where a wood fire is always burning from autumn to spring. Our friend, in rather picturesque dishabille, stretches himself upon the divan and reaches for a book. In case the volume is at the other side of the room, he simply crosses the apartment,



gets down the book he wishes, and lays down on the divan over there. In fact, he would sometimes have as many as five or six of his friends who relished this lazy luxurious way of study, and who would be stretched in reclining positions all over the room. To one suddenly entering this apartment the effect was peculiar. You thought you had suddenly come upon the seven sleepers of Ephesus, or that your host and his friends were under the influence of some potent drug. An obliging colored attendant serves delicious southern drinks and passes around cigars. It is needless to say that this gentleman's den is very popular.

I was once a guest at a set of chambers belonging to four foreigners. They were men who had traveled much and were delightfully artistic in their tastes. Their smoking-room is one of the most charming apartments in which I have ever spent an odd hour, and it seemed almost impossible that it really existed in prosaic New York. The walls were hung with red cloth, that dark material which is used so much in picture galleries. Here and there on this background was an old engraving, or a piece of odd and rich Oriental embroidery. The portières were of imitation Gobelin tapestry, in dark greens and blues, depicting hunting scenes. One of the party had brought to this country a state bed which belonged, I think, to some mythical ancestor. The canopy was of carved oak, with goblins, demons and angels peeping out of vine-covered trellises. It was impossible to put up this affair in the ordinary bed-room of a New York house, so the posts were sawed off, and this very queer piece of ancient furniture was made to serve as the chief ornament in the den. It was placed upon one side of the room, and underneath it were arranged a series of low divans, piled high with thick and soft Turkish sofa cushions. Before this throne were Turkish ash receivers and three small tables, such as are used in clubs, for the placing of drinks and cigars. As soon as dinner was over, the company —there was always a stag party of five or six —adjourned to this room, where one, like a sovereign, would sit under the canopy, the others comfortably arranged around on the divans, with liqueurs, cordials and cognac before them, enveloped in a cloud of fragrant tobacco smoke. The rest of the room was in keeping with these ancient furnishings. A Buhl desk inlaid with gilt, a Vernis Martin cabinet with a few odd bits of bric-a-brac, added much to the general effect of these ideal bachelors' quarters.

All along Fifth Avenue the bachelors of New York have set up their household gods. In the unpretentious little brick house at the corner of Ninth Street and the Avenue, where dwells that old warrior, General Daniel E. Sickles, there are three gorgeous suites of bachelors' chambers. One of these, occupied by Mr. Thomas Pearsall Thorne, is splendid in the extreme. There are few more artistic rooms than those lately occupied by Mr. Alfred Beadleston, and now owned by Mr. George Ronalds, in the Crosic, opposite Delmonico's. Herman Oelrichs was one of the first men in the city to fit up handsome bachelor's quarters, and his home was the talk of the town. Schuyler Crosby, John Mackay, and others have rooms filled with artistic treasures, rare bric-a-brac, and a hundred other beautiful and rare things. In fact, Fifth Avenue has become the home of the bachelor, and every man who can afford it is leaving his hotel or his cheerless hall room in his boarding-house, and clubbing with one or two other fellow-sufferers, has taken unto himself a home. The boarding-house keeper, wary, and up to the times, has tried to cater to this new departure, and many are the advertisements and signs hung from upper stories of dwellings with the tempting legend, "Bachelor apartments." Beware of these. An arrangement made with a furniture man who sells on the installment plan, one room cut up into three, bad service, and a wretched breakfast with muddy coffee and leaden rolls, are the characteristics of these places.

I think that it was our old friend Major Pendennis, who told his young prig of a nephew that the first adjunct of a gentleman, particularly in the eyes of servants, who to-day, are our most captious critics, was a dressing-case with silver-topped bottles and silver-backed brushes. You cannot turn the leaves of any English periodical, particularly towards the covers where songs of soaps and patent medicines hold their sway, but that you find the most seductive prints of these articles with a dazzling array of bottles, soap boxes, razor cases and brushes, ranging at almost any price, from a few guineas up to a small fortune. I am not a stickler for an English dressing case, as we Americans do not flit from country house to country house during all seasons, as our British cousins are wont, although I must confess I do not see how a man can do without some arrangement of this kind. I have always taken great pride in the array of brushes on my dressing table, and I am glad to say that this same penchant exists among the many men whom I know.

I have in mind a most charming fellow who has a sleeping room at one of the clubs, into which I am sometimes privileged to enter. Of course, with but one apartment, a man is somewhat cramped for space. But if he has the refined instincts and tastes of a gentleman, he can soon lend to the most meagre surroundings a reflection of himself. And this applies, even if his habitation be a garret or its substitute in our days, a cheerless hall bed-room in a side street boarding house. But to return to our subject. Upon his dressing table were ranged, as if in line of battle, his brushes. They were six in number, lying with their backs uppermost. Four of them were with handles, and two were military brushes. All were silver backed. In

another line were clothes and hat brushes with backs of the same metal. The whisk brooms were hung near the mirror. On the table, which was uncovered, the hard polished oak surface being a sufficient setting for the silver and crystal, were his silver topped bottles and a handsome pin-cushion. In their black leather case lay his razors, one for every day in the week. The only photographs on this table, were two in silver frames. The mirror was devoid of the imperials of friends, chiefly women, stuck into corners and covered with dust, and of those wretched Christmas cards or other rubbish of silk and tinsel "hand painted" articles, which are thrust upon unfortunate men during the merry season.

"ARISTOCRACY"

MR. Bronson Howard loves to declare that he is not a literary man. He is right. The typical literary man could never have written "Aristocracy." Parts of it he would scorn to write. Yet he might well rejoice if he were able to produce so good a play. If Mr. Howard possessed the sensitive temperament of the literary man he might have avoided the besetting weakness of his latest drama, a suspicion of vulgarity, which, by the way, manifests itself in his work not for the first time. It is playing with fire for one thus affected to deal with society. Can we wonder, therefore, that Mr. Howard's fingers are burned?

"Aristocracy" is an ideal play for actors, for it is evidently written by one whose tendency it is to see life in the pale glow of the footlights. It inevitably follows that its unusual dramatic strength suffers from unnaturalness. Yet the first three acts, in effectiveness, not always in dialogue, ring surprisingly true, and the skill with which the dramatist makes his three social types,—the sturdy American parvenus, the effete American aristocrats, the corrupt European noblemen,—play the fascinating game of life, inspired by a common humanity, compels admiration. Even the artificial situation at the close of the third act, between the princely viper, the horrified but fascinated wife, and her enraged protector, thrills one in spite of the protests of judgment. It is not until the last act that the artifice is stripped of its cloak and we resent the liberties taken with nature and probability.

Yet it is hardly fair merely to analyze "Aristocracy;" it should be considered as a unit as well. On the whole, then, in spite of its bad last act, in spite of the obvious devices by which the characters too often force themselves on the stage, in spite of its affectations, it is an unusually powerful play. It is a far cry from the ideal American drama. But in these days of dramatic sterility we should be grateful for its skilful construction, its terse vigor, its neat, if not brilliant wit, its powerful interest. Bronson Howard is the American Sardou, without the French Sardou's irreverence for human sanctity.

Curiously enough, the faults of the actors—but their merits far outweigh their faults—are like the faults of the play. Both Miss Allen and Miss Blanche Walsh have an abundance of talent marred by unpleasant and inexcusable affectation. Nearly all of the men are free from this weakness, though Mr. S. Miller Kent, like Miss Walsh, will persist in talking through the corner of his mouth. But any performance would be made notable by the admirable acting of Mr. Wilton Lackaye as the Western millionaire, and by the artistic completeness of the ensemble.

THE THEATRE OF ARTS AND LETTERS.—The managers of the Theatre of Arts and Letters have given a shock to those who believed in their ability to find and encourage genuine dramatic talent. How any rational judges of the drama could seriously regard Mr. F. J. Stimson's dreary dialogue in four acts, called "Mary Maberly," is too abstruse a problem to be solved even by a philosopher. Weak in plot, feeble in construction, devoid of wit or interest, it had not one of the elements that constitutes a good play. It is almost surprising that the actors did not revolt against it. Perhaps, however, we could have no better evidence of Mr. Plympton's sterling worth than the fact that he played his part with the evident intention of making the most of it. He even rose above his well-known affectations—his over-wrought enunciation, his explosive style—to higher things, to simple sincerity.

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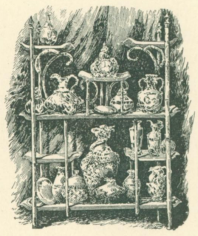
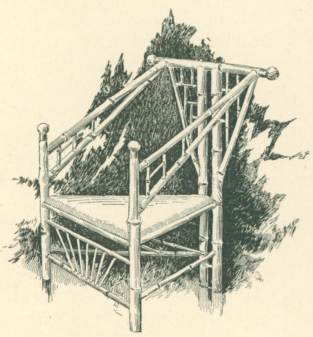
RIDE SHE WOULD

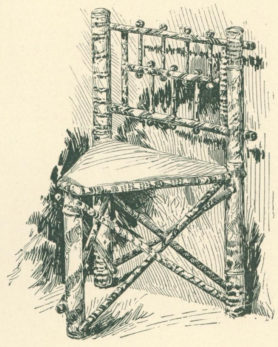
After all, the greatest amendments in this world are effected, not by hot-headed fanatics, but the pressure of necessity forcing practical people to recognize a wrong and set sensibly about righting it. Enthusiastic dress reformers have proved the truth of this statement. While their exhortations from the house tops fall on deaf ears, a few fashionable women of independent views have settled the question satisfactorily for themselves and the rest of the sex. The triumph of the divided skirt and riding astride is thus told in a private letter received from a well-known hunting house in Warwickshire, England.



The establishment is one of those whose owners are slaves to the pleasures of the chase. Big diaries are kept wherein the runs of every season for years back have been minutely recorded, the fluctuations of the matter are registered, and county maps supply the most interesting of current literature. In fact, the entire household, from October to April, is regulated in accordance with meets and starts. All summer the nobleman and his wife hunt bric-a-brac through the Continent afoot, and all winter the fox to cover on horseback. The lady is a notable whip, and has followed the hounds like a good fellow ever since she could ride. The exercise, she said, put her in form for a London season, and no amount of nasty weather was ever known to dampen her enthusiasm. However, like many another bold spirit, she came to grief last autumn, broke her arm, twisted her ankle, and for a time it was feared had sustained serious internal injuries. An investigation of the cause of her accident showed it was due to the high horn of the saddle and the walking skirts women are compelled to wear. Then and there her imperious husband vowed, not only that she should never hunt again, but he commanded her to give up riding altogether.



Through the long and tedious convalescence that ensued the young Countess had time to face this ultimatum and she resolved to circumvent fate if possible. She studied all the possibilities of divided skirts and began at once to sketch a new style of saddle. The very day her recovery was complete she went up to London, and there had a series of models cast in plaster, continuing the experiments until a saddle was evolved suited to her needs. It is much like those men use, only a trifle longer in the seat, has more padding, and a horn about half the size of those commonly supplied for women. The lady next turned the electric glare of her intellect upon the contriving of a safe, modest and becoming hunting costume, in which she might ride astride without shocking conventional prejudices. She arranged, of course, for short buckskin under-breeches, and over these divided skirts of heavy bottle green melton. The material was laid in wide flat plaits about the waist and ample enough to fall together back and front so that, standing or walking, none would ever suspect the division. While on horseback the leggings were held in place by weighted hems and straps running under the instep. For the rest, the costume consisted of a stiff shirt, four-in-hand tie and smoothly buttoned waistcoat flecked with yellow to show the green and gold hunting colors of the house. Her coat was of the straight - fitting sack pattern, long enough to touch the saddle and only slightly cut away in front. Thus equipped, the Earl's every objection was surmounted, and the success of the Countess's experiment was proven by the fact that she rode to hounds at the first meet this season, captured the brush, and left the hunting field without exciting a single comment. This is the way one important reform originated, and it is safe to prophesy that the English Diana's lead will find any number of followers in the near future.



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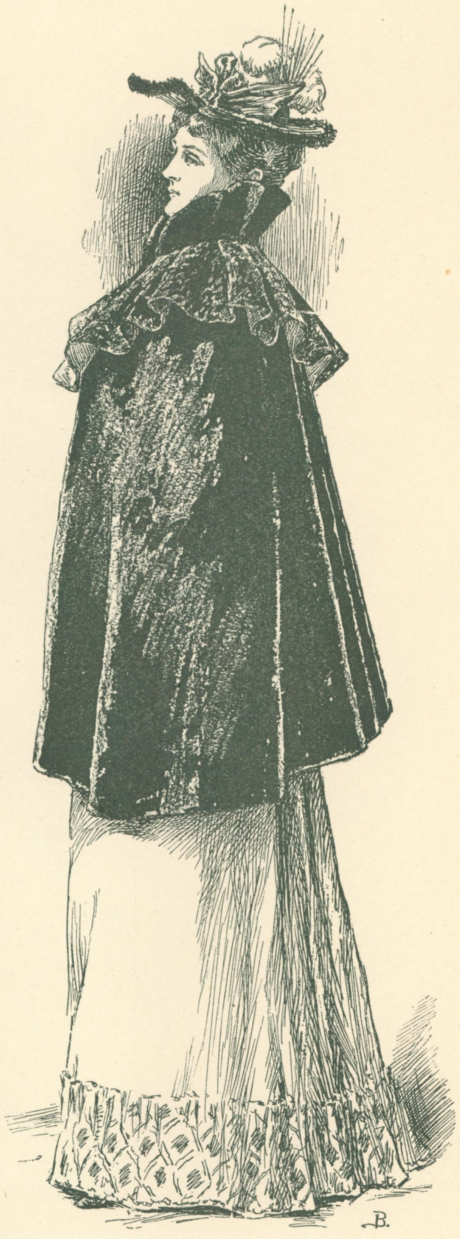

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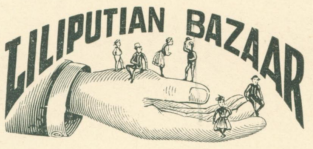

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